

## What is the colour of the Sea?

By STUART MARTIN

POETS sing of the "deep blue" sea. The fact is that the sea can be, and often is, nearly all colours. The open sea is blue only when the reflection of the blue sky is upon it. If there are many clouds the sea is grey. It can be almost black if the bottom is mud.

Chemists have shown that the "natural" colour of



"White wings on water blue."

Life is mostly froth and bubble;  
Two things stand like stone:  
Kindness in another's trouble,  
Courage in our own.  
A. L. Gordon.

water in bulk is more blue than anything else, but that depends on circumstances. The hue is modified by particles held in solution, as well as by the sea-bed. It has been found, too, that the colour changes with the amount of salt in the water.

The Mediterranean and the Gulf Stream are both very salt. The Polar seas are not so salt, and have a distinct light green, or even olive, appearance.

In the Red Sea, off the mouth of La Plata, the colour is made because of decayed matter and the microscopic animals it contains.

Off certain parts of the China coast the sea is yellow, because of the sandy mud brought down by the rivers. Hence the so-called Yellow Sea.

In the Gulf of Guinea the sea is white; it is dark purple in the Black Sea, and in the Persian Gulf it is green.

All these colours have a simple explanation, except in the case of the Black Sea. Nobody knows the real cause of the "purple" in that stretch of water; in all others the bottoms are the cause.

Over white sand the sea will be green. Dark red sand will show up as "brown" or "black" water.

Around the British coasts the sea is mostly grey—and the mud is the reason.

In some Scottish lochs the water is "black" a few feet from the surface, according to divers. This is owing to the heavy shadows of the surrounding mountains.



### But Bouncy says

"Hi, Paulette—howdyda get in the Wardroom? Musta done a spot o' hard lyin' yerself to convince Captain S. that youse is munitions o' war—tho' I admit youse is dynamite in flickers. Go easy with Jimmy the One's sherry, gal—gotta last twenty-eight days. Cissy submarine you got there—must be old Nemo's. S'long, Miss Goddard."

## NO HARD LYING HERE



### DELAYED BY CENSOR\*

## INVASION OF ENGLAND

By our Special Correspondent with the Army.

THE English army was battered to pieces yesterday by the invading forces from France, a few miles to the north of Hastings. During last night and to-day its broken remnants have been in full flight. So complete was the rout that, according to a high military authority in London, there is now little hope of more than isolated and sporadic resistance.

We were defeated after nearly achieving the impossible. Let me tell the story as I have seen it unroll during the past month—during which period I have accompanied our army, first 250 miles to the north, and then 250 miles back again.

### Disaster in North

It was on September 20th that the Scandinavian army defeated

our weak northern forces just south of York, and captured the city.

Our main army, under King Harold, had been concentrated in the south, where it was watching for the vast invasion fleet of the Norman Duke, William. This had been kept in harbour for many weeks by unfavourable winds—so long indeed that our own fleet had been recalled to London to restore and refit.

The news of the northern invasion sent the King with the bulk of the army at top speed to the north, leaving only weak forces in Sussex. We footslogged close on 200 miles in nine days, and on September

25th shattered the invading hordes, the King of Norway and Earl Tostig (King Harold's brother) being killed.

### Landing in South

On Friday, 29th, Duke William landed at Pevensey. The news reached us on the following Monday, October 3rd. By the week-end we were back in London, and on Tuesday, 11th, we were marching south again across the Thames. We had covered 200 miles in just over a week, after fighting a major action, following the long northward march from the south coast. Never before in history had an army achieved a similar performance. And had our northern levies and those of the west been able to link up with us in time, this despatch of mine would, undoubtedly, have had a different ending.

And we were to do still more. Within 48 hours of leaving London we covered nearly 60 miles, through broken country that made us long for the comparatively easy going of the great northern road. By the evening of Friday, October 13th, our forces took up their positions, with much of their heavy armament, including the newest type of catapults, some six miles from the sea near Hastings, upon a ridge a mile or so long which fell steeply in front and also at either end.

### Strategy Criticised

There has been criticism of King Harold's strategy; but he was faced with this position: Duke William refused to advance. He had occupied Hastings and had fortified that town and Pevensey to guard his supplies. He beached his fleet at Hastings. His obvious plan was to fight where, if he lost, he could yet retreat to his ships. The English forces, having defeated one invader, could only try to throw the second into the sea.

The enemy forces numbered probably between fifty and sixty thousand, including not fewer than fourteen thousand horse. There was, too, a big body of archers. Our own troops were much less perfectly armed and much more hastily trained, the best of them relying mainly upon the Danish battle-axe. We had few missile weapons.

Shortly after nine o'clock yesterday morning (Saturday, October 14th) the Norman forces moved down the slope to the valley on the other side of which lay the ridge, lined with rank upon rank of English foot-

men. As they advanced, there rode in front of them a minstrel, singing and throwing his sword in the air.

### First Attacks Repulsed

The battle opened with an attack by the enemy archers, followed by a thrust of their cavalry, which was repulsed with heavy slaughter. For hours fighting went on, and charge after charge of the enemy horse was thrown back. Wave after wave broke against the English ranks. The day wore on and the Norman offensive seemed to be exhausting itself. A few miles away an English fleet blockaded the enemy-held ports. Had the luck of battle turned our way, we should have repeated our victory at Stamford Bridge.

But luck deserted us. In my opinion, it was the superior discipline of the enemy that prevailed, aided by the weeks-long exertions of our men, their inferior numbers, and their lack of the more modern types of arms. History was repeating itself.

### King Dies in Action

Towards five o'clock a stroke of fortune turned the tide decisively in the Duke's favour. An arrow struck King Harold in the eye, piercing his brain. Hand-to-hand fighting had been going on for some time and, in the confusion caused by the King's death, the whole of the Norman cavalry was thrown against the English position, and line after line crashed through our centre. Groups of our troops fought to the last man, but the main defence was broken, and the scattered foot were soon in full flight. During the pursuit we lost much more heavily than during the whole of the day's fighting.

When darkness came there was no English army left, and, once again, our island lay at the mercy of foreign invaders.

(Later.) Dover has surrendered to the Duke, who is now reported to be marching along the Roman road towards London.

ODO DREW.

★ Despatch dated from London, Sunday, October 15th, 1066.

## Flowers made from cat's breakfast

"I've got a bone to pick with you!" says Miss Winifred Fenn, of Bognor, to Buonaparte, her cat—and between them the outcome is a butterfly or a flower. For Miss Fenn, with Buonaparte's help, fashions the most delicate of blossoms out of cods' heads.

### Cat's Full-time Job

It's Buonaparte's job to part the bones from the flesh, and when the head's as big as the one in the picture it's a full-time job, even for a cat.

But, like all really hard workers, Buonaparte loves a job he can get his teeth into, and when other cats start to muscle in, it's they who meet their Waterloo—not Boney. He's a fighter...

Coming back to the business in hand—Miss Fenn's hand. She can make fifty flowers and butterflies from one cod's head.

### A Gross of Bones in One Head

"It is a new idea," Miss Fenn said. "I strip the flesh, dissect the bones—there are 114 of them in every head—wash them, treat them with a secret process, grind them, and finish them."

Buonaparte the cat waits for the word "Go" to commence his part of this unique flower-making industry. He parts the cod from its framework!

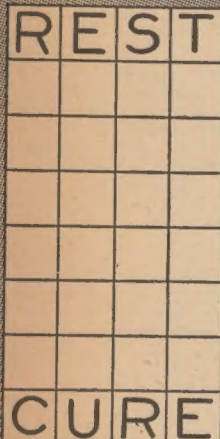


Her favourite work is making an iris, which she says may easily be made without breaking the bones. The flowers are so realistic and raw material so cheap that this "horti-fishery" may well become a new British industry.



## Periscope Page

### WORK OUT THIS WORD LADDER



The rest cure is effective in all kinds of ailments. To turn REST into CURE by changing only one letter at a time and leaving a complete word each time. Can you do it?

### Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1, Lot's wife. 2, True. 3, Francois Villon used the phrase and variations of it in his poems. 4, Murder of Julius Caesar. 5, Jason. 6, Rip Van Winkle. 7, Femur of the thigh. 8, Normal pulse. 9, The White Cliffs of Dover. 10, Don Quixote. 11, On that of Thailand (Siam). 12, Tartary and Mongolia; Tibet; India; Abyssinia.

## Follow the BRAINS TRUST

WITH HOWARD THOMAS

"How far should family traditions influence the choice of a career? Is it wise to follow in father's footsteps?"

**Commander A. B. Campbell:** "Well, I've followed in my father's footsteps. I should say emphatically it is advisable in those professions where you can learn your father's job by the good old method of apprenticeship, but it's extremely dangerous to follow in your father's career if you rely on your father to push you, because when he ceases pushing you, you won't go on any further. But, as I say, if you can learn from him by apprenticeship, by doing his bottle washing, you get a very fine start."

**Mrs. Mavis Tate, M.P.:** "I don't agree at all. I think that your choice of a career should be guided by the contribution you think you can make to the welfare of the world, and if you think you can make a contribution along the lines in which your father made it, well and good. If you think you can make a better contribution and a fuller contribution along other lines, I think it's your duty to entirely ignore the profession that your father had."

**"The Doctor" (an eminent physician):** "I think it's a little difficult at the age of sixteen or seventeen to decide whether one is going to influence the world very much. In medicine there is a great tendency for the sons of doctors to go into it, I think largely because of their surroundings and environ-

ment. But there are some obvious examples, such as men like thatchers of ricks, where the technique, as it were, is handed down from father to son. I've no doubt other members could think of better instances."

**Professor J. B. S. Haldane:** "Well, I can think of an instance where father sent me down in diving dress to forty feet at the age of thirteen, and ever since I've been quite happy in diving dress, and I'm working for the Admiralty now."

**Commander R. T. Gould:** "I very much agree with the Doctor that it is generally a very good plan to carry on with what your father was doing. But in some cases a man is often overshadowed by his father, in which case it is better to strike out a new line for himself."

### ANY IDEAS

for quizzes, jokes, puzzles or sketches? WRITE TO US—ADDRESS ON BACK PAGE.

### Give it a name

Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.



# NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

AFTER descending a rather steep incline we were at the bottom of a sort of circular well. There Captain Nemo stopped and pointed to an object we had not perceived before.

It was an oyster of extraordinary dimensions, a gigantic tridacne, a font that would have contained a lake of holy water, a vase more than two yards across, and consequently larger than the one in the saloon of the Nautilus.

I approached this unparalleled mollusc. It was adhering by its byssus to a granite slab, and there it was developing itself in isolation amidst the calm waters of the grotto. I estimated the weight of this tridacne at 600 lbs.

Captain Nemo evidently knew of the existence of this bivalve. It was not the first visit he had paid to it, and I thought that in conducting us to that place he merely wished to show us a natural curiosity. I was mistaken. Captain Nemo had an interest in seeing the actual condition of this tridacne.

The two valves of the mollusc were half-open. The captain went up to them and put his dagger between them to prevent them shutting, then with his hand he raised the membranous tunic, fringed at the border, that formed the animal's mantle.

There, amidst its foliated pleats, I saw a pearl as large as a coconut. Its globular form, perfect limpidity, and admirable water made it a jewel of inestimable price. Carried away by curiosity, I stretched out my hand to take it, weigh it, feel it. But the captain stopped me, made a sign

in the negative, and drawing back his dagger by a rapid movement, he let the two valves fall together.

I then understood the purpose of Captain Nemo. By leaving this pearl wrapped up in the mantle of the tridacne he allowed it to grow insensibly. The captain alone knew of this grotto where this admirable fruit of Nature was ripening; he alone was raising it, thus to speak, in order one day to transport it to his precious museum. It was a superb natural curiosity, and not a jewel de luxe, for I do not know what feminine ears could have supported it.

The visit to the opulent tridacne was over. Captain Nemo left the grotto, and we went up on to the bank of pintadines again, amidst the clear waters that were not yet troubled by the work of the divers.

Ten minutes afterwards Captain Nemo suddenly stopped. I thought he was making a halt before going back. But no; with a gesture he ordered us to squat down near him on a large confractuousity. He was pointing to a point of the liquid mass, and I looked attentively.

At five yards from me a shade appeared and bent to the ground. The uneasy idea of sharks came into my mind. But I was mistaken. It was a man, a living man, a black Indian, a diver, a poor fellow, no doubt, come to glean before the harvest. I perceived the bottom of his canoe anchored at some feet above his head. He plunged and went up again successively. A stone cut in the form of a sugar-loaf which he had tied to his foot, whilst a cord fastened him to the boat, made him descend more rapidly to the bottom. That was all his stock-in-trade. Arrived on the ground by about three

fathoms' depth he threw himself on his knees and filled his bag with pintadines picked up at random.

The diver did not see us. The shadow of the rock hid us from him.

I watched him with profound attention. His work was done regularly, and for half an hour no danger seemed to threaten him. I was, therefore, getting familiar with the spectacle of this interesting fishery, when, all at once, at the moment the Indian was kneeling on the ground, I saw him make a movement of terror, get up, and spring to remount to the surface of the waves.

I understood his fear. A gigantic shadow appeared above the unfortunate plunger. It was an enormous shark advancing diagonally, with eyes on fire and open jaws. I was mute with terror, incapable of making a movement.

The voracious animal, with a vigorous stroke of his fin, was springing towards the Indian, who threw himself on one side and avoided the bite of the shark, but not the stroke of his tail, for that tail, striking him on the chest, stretched him on the ground.

This scene had hardly lasted some seconds. The shark returned to the charge, and turning on his back, it was prepared to cut the Indian in two, when I felt Captain Nemo, who was near me, suddenly rise.

The shark, at the moment he was going to nab the unfortunate diver, perceived his fresh adversary, and going over on to its stomach again, directed itself rapidly towards him.

## QUIZ for today

1. What is the correct name for the curing of leather?
2. What is amnesia?
3. What serious disease can be contracted through the bite of a mad dog?
4. What Greek philosopher was forced to drink a glass of hemlock?
5. Who composed the "Peer Gynt" Suite?
6. Who is often said to have written Shakespeare's plays?
7. Who tried to reach the North Pole in a submarine?
8. Who painted the "Dos de Mayo"?
9. Which prophet was exiled in Babylon?
10. Who discovered radio-location?
11. What famous British writer was a shorthand reporter in Parliament?
12. In what film was the song, "Thanks for the Memory," introduced?

## COOPER...



TO become a fully fledged member of most crafts it is necessary to graduate from the apprentice stage. In the honourable calling of coopers, however, there is more to it than just five years of learning and helping to make barrels.

There is a time-honoured ritual which must be respected.

The apprentice, on his big day, starts off the morning by making a barrel. He chops and backs and hollows and joints the staves, he bands them together with an iron hoop, and he places the barrel over a fire of wood shavings to make the wood more pliable. After so doing the apprentice calls together every member of the craft and awaits his initiation. Two coopers take over and

tend the fire, and the victim begins to wonder.

Then the crucial moment arrives. The cask is taken off the fire, the victim is plunged head first into it, and he is covered by shavings, while fellow apprentices do a war dance around the shop, beating a tattoo on metal bars and tools and chanting hideous war cries.

Next, wooden hoops are pressed and hammered into position around the hot, pliable staves, and it begins to take the shape of a hog's head.

All that remains then is for the barrel to be rolled all around the shop until the newly initiated journeyman cooper is able to make his escape.

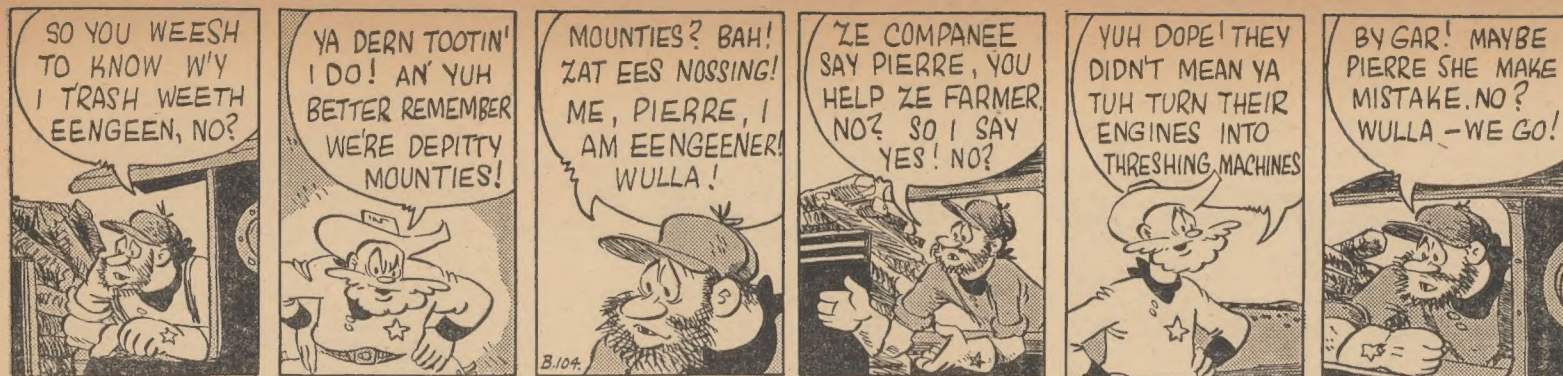
## JANE



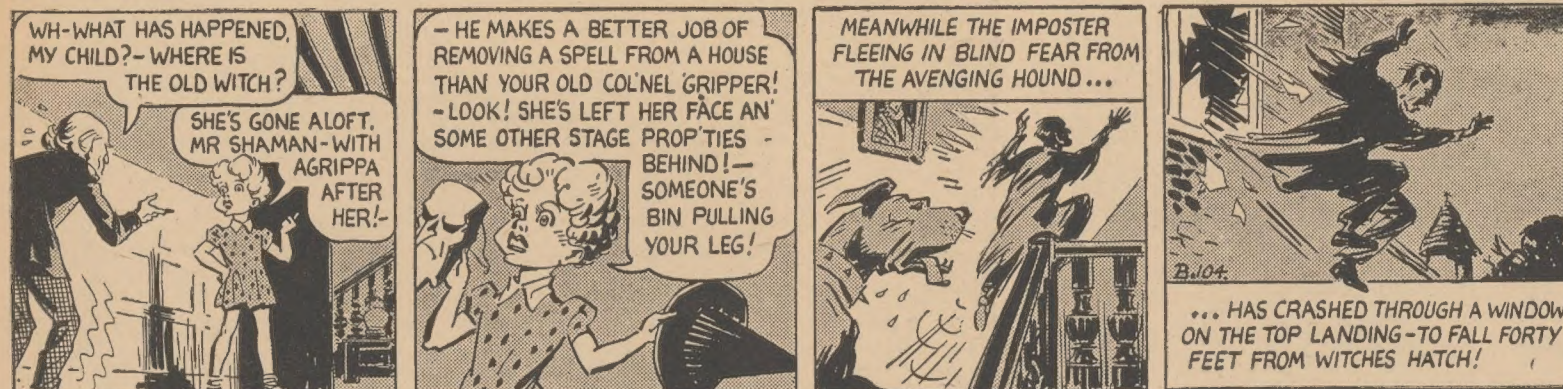
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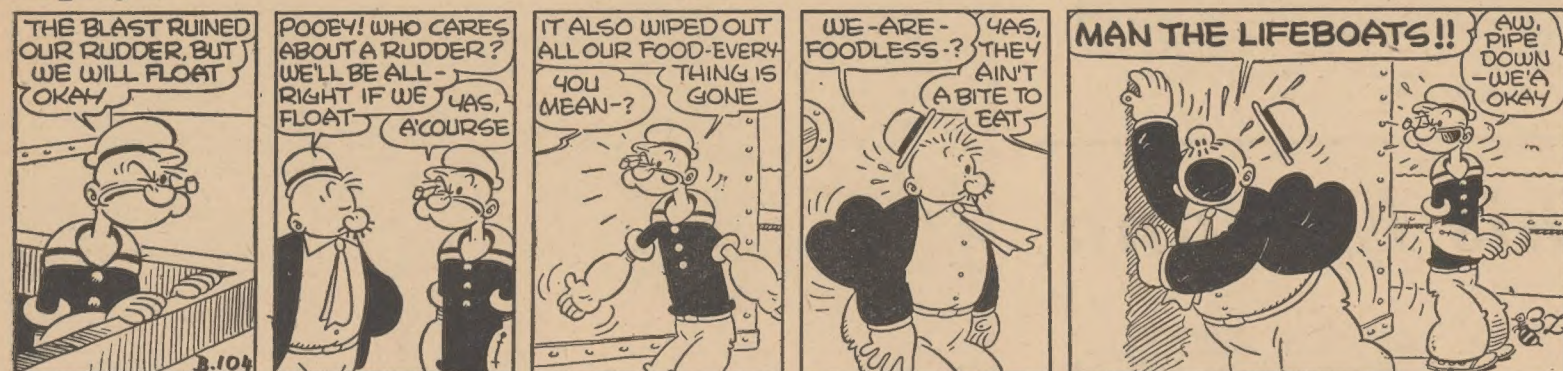
## Beelzebub Jones



## Belinda



## Popeye



## Ruggles



# NELSON'S COLUMN

**REMEMBER** ... Len Goulden, West Ham's English international inside-left? Len, after being on munitions work, has joined the R.A.F.

Mackenzie, Hampshire cricket professional? As Flight-Lieutenant P. A. Mackenzie, he has been awarded the D.S.O. for his part in bombing Berlin. He already held the D.F.C.

Basil Robinson, Bath, Durham, Somerset and Wilts Rugby three-quarter? He has just received the A.F.C. and a bar to the D.F.C. originally won in 1941. Basil—Group-Captain—Robinson also holds the D.S.O.

Fred Perry, former Wimbledon champion? Fred became an American citizen in 1940, is now a staff-sergeant in the U.S. Army Air Force.

Eric Chitty, speedway ace? He's been building M.T.B.s, has now switched to aeroplane parts.

**BIG JIM BARRETT**, West Ham's mountain of a centre-half, has been 21 years with the club. No other League footballer still playing has a longer record of service.

But several run him pretty close.

English international Jack Pickering has been with Sheffield United since May, 1925. Sam Crooks (with Derby County since January, 1927), and Eric Houghton (Aston Villa since August of the same year) are next on the list.

Eddie Hapgood, whose Arsenal association began in October, 1927, and George Taylor, a Bolton Wanderer since December, 1927, are just coming up to their sixteenth "birthdays."

**AND**, talking of birthdays ... F. A. Mackinnon, the Mackinnon of Clan Mackinnon, the oldest living Test cricketer, University Blue and M.C.C. member, has just celebrated his 95th.

He has been a member of the M.C.C. since 1870—nine years before being chosen for the England team against Australia.

By contrast, Mr. J. Beveridge, director and hon. secretary of Millwall F.C., must be called junior. He's a mere lad of 80—and has just completed his 50th year of association with the club.

Beveridge was secretary for 25 years before being elected a director.

On August 1, 1940, he resumed his duties as hon. secretary—and hopes to continue as such until the end of the war.

Stout chaps, these bright boys of the old brigade.

**COVENTRY** Rugby Club have set up a record that is likely to remain for a good long time. They have won every match this season.

Here is their achievement:— Played, 24; won, 24; drawn, 0; lost, 0; points for, 602; against, 86.

Actually, they might easily claim that those 24 wins were, in fact, 25, for of the Warwickshire XV which beat the combined Australian and New Zealand Forces, eleven were Coventry men.

The brothers H. F. and A. Wheatley, English internationals both, are still among the club's most prolific scorers, even though they were playing as far back as 1925.

JOHN NELSON.

## NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

In the meantime Ned Land had set free the captain, who rose unhurt, went straight to the Indian, quickly cut the cord which fastened him to the stone, took him in his arms, and with a vigorous kick, he went up to the surface of the sea. We all three followed him, and in a short time, miraculously saved, we reached the diver's boat.

Captain Nemo's first care was to recall the unfortunate man to life. I did not know if he would succeed. Happily, under the vigorous friction of Conseil and the captain, I saw the drowned man gradually recover his senses. He opened his eyes. What must have been his surprise, terror even, at seeing four large brass heads leaning over him! And, above all, what must he have thought when Captain Nemo, drawing from a pocket in his gar-

ment a bag of pearls, put it into his hand! This magnificent gift from the man of the sea to the poor Indian of Ceylon was accepted by him with a trembling hand. His frightened eyes showed that he did not know to what superhuman beings he owed at the same time his fortune and his life.

At a sign from the captain we went back to the bank of pinnacles, and following the road we had already come along, half-an-hour's walking brought us to the anchor that fastened the boat of the Nautilus to the ground.

Once embarked, we each, with the help of the sailors, took off our heavy brass carapaces.

Captain Nemo's first word was for the Canadian.

"Thank you, Land," he said. "It was by way of retaliation, captain," answered Ned Land. "I owed it you."

A pale smile glided over the captain's lips, and that was all. "To the Nautilus," he said.

The boat flew over the waves.

Some minutes later we met with the floating body of the shark.

At half-past eight we were back on board the Nautilus.

Then I began to reflect on the incidents of our excursion to the Manaar Bank. Two observations naturally resulted from it. One was upon the unparalleled audacity of Captain Nemo, the other was his devoting his own life to saving a human being, one of the representatives of that race he was flying from under the seas. Whatever he might say, that man had not succeeded in entirely killing his own heart.

When I said as much to him, he answered me in a slightly moved tone—

"That Indian, professor, is an inhabitant of an oppressed country, and I am, and until my last breath shall be, the same."

(Continued to-morrow)

## HEARD THIS ONE?

The air raid siren had sounded. Down the road went pedalling an A.R.P. worker in decontamination oilskins.

Round the corner dashed an A.R.P. lorry and "tipped" the back wheel of the cycle. The driver, with blanched face, watched the cyclist slowly disentangle himself from the wreckage.

"Are you hurt, mate?" he asked.

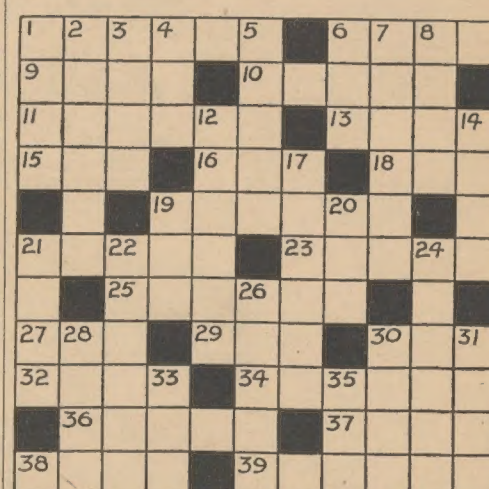
The man in oilskins checked up on his limbs, then, "No, but whose side are you on?" he said.

The newly-rich man of the district had inspected a local hospital, and had now reached the front door again.

"Very fine place, matron," he said patronisingly. "Run very well, I think. If I ever meet with an accident, I shall demand to be brought here."

The matron curtsied. "It will not be an accident that will bring you here, sir," she said. "It will be a miracle. This is a maternity hospital."

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS

- 1 Besspatter.
- 6 Twilled cotton cloth.
- 9 Parched.
- 10 Dew.
- 11 Light boats.
- 13 Puffed.
- 15 Equipment.
- 16 Fabric of twine.
- 18 Girl's name.
- 19 Expands.
- 21 Obscure.
- 23 Spruce.
- 25 Rectify.
- 27 Copy.
- 29 Cutting tool.
- 30 Murnur.
- 32 Sheepskin leather.
- 34 Covered walk.
- 36 Cranium.
- 37 Impel.
- 38 Joke.
- 39 Surpassed.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

### CLUES DOWN

- 1, Big hempen bag.
- 2, Commendation.
- 3, Bandage material.
- 4, Bother.
- 5, Drenched through tube.
- 6, Sail.
- 7, Engage for service.
- 8, Old.
- 12, Riddle.
- 14, Undulating.
- 17, Fond.
- 19, Affliction.
- 20, And even.
- 21, Sustain.
- 22, Vagaries.
- 24, Walk laboriously.
- 26, Raise.
- 28, Attitude of body.
- 30, Dwell tediously.
- 31, Merited portion.
- 33, Fruit.
- 35, Sports trophy.

ACCEPT RUCK  
MAR RAKISH  
BRETON GEAR  
E WIT PARTY  
RESERVE SEE  
D RUINS A  
BIT DECORUM  
AFORE HOE U  
RITE CANARD  
CANYON LAD  
HELD STUMPY



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## SOMETHING FISHY HERE!

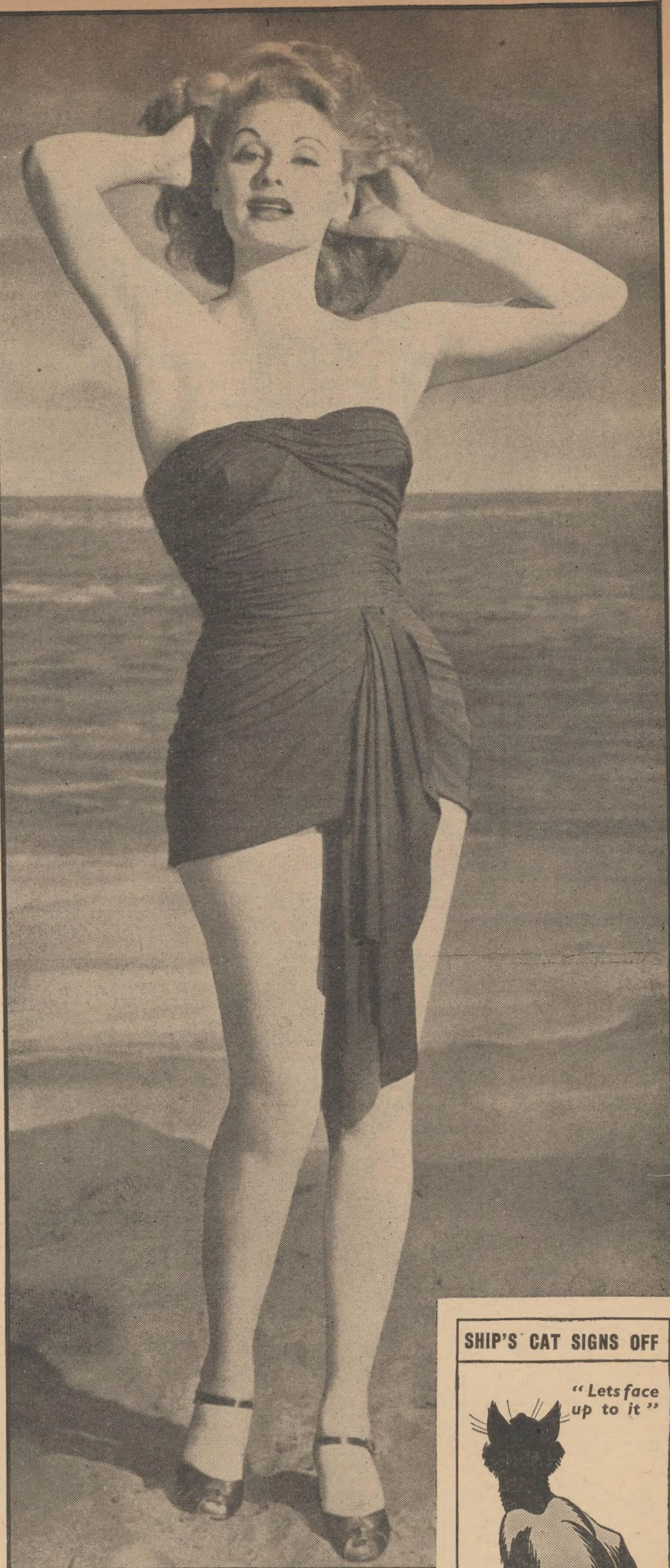


Gosh. What is it? Lummy, it's a tunny fish. Garn, don't be silly, it's a trout. This ain't a trout stream anyway. It can't be. I've got it. It's a bloomin'... wait a bit... yes... no... blimey, it's a tiddler, heck. All that blinkin' fuss abart nuthin'.

## This England



No, we're not trying to "whet the appetites" of you fellows, nor even attempting to raise a thirst. Fact is that this picture typified the united thoughts of the staff, and the smacking of lips could have been heard throughout Fleet Street. As Douglas Young says, "It MAKES you think. VERY tasty. VERY sweet." And so very, very English, too.



It's a mystery. It's a miracle. How DOES Lucille Ball keep it up? American girls are determined to find out, this summer. No shoulders, no straps, no pins. Sounds like economy run riot, but we must say it's delightful, it's delicious, it's delovely.

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

